

A FULL SIZE 52 PAGE MAG-NO SKIMPING!

MARCH, 1950

NO. 24

CRIME

AND

PUNISHMENT



ILLUSTORIES

10¢

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

TRUE
CRIMINAL CASE
HISTORIES!

OKAY, NOW!
START FIGHTING!
MAKE IT GOOD!

SEE WHO?

SEE ME!
YA WANNA
MAKE SOMETHIN'
OF IT?

BREAK
IT UP, YOU
GUYS!



In this
issue:

**"MY FRIEND WAS
A MURDERER!"**

**"THE MEN WHO
STOLE A BRAIN!"**

**"STOP-LOOK--
AND KILL!"**

**"THE STRANGE STORY OF
THE CLUMSY THIEVES!"**



WEB COMIC
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DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME

ROOKIE PATROLMAN CLEARY HAD PEGGED THE BROADWAY CROWD FOR A LOT OF NO-GOOD BLIMS, BUT DETECTIVE CLAY BOYD KNEW BETTER! HE REMEMBERED MIKE CARROLL, A GOOD BOY GONE WRONG, A

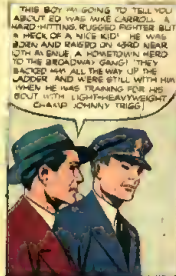


TOUGH GUY

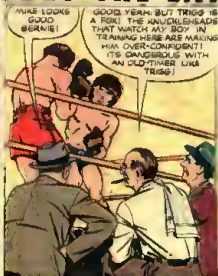
WHOSE CASE, REPLETE WITH FRAME-UP, DOUBLE-CROSS AND MURDER, NEVERTHELESS TOUCHED THE HEARTS OF TIN-HORN ALLEY!



OBEY THE LAW



THIS BOY AM GOING TO TELL YOU ABOUT ED WAS MIKE CARROLL A HARD-HITTING, RUGGED FIGHTER BUT A HECK OF A NICE KID! HE WAS BORN AND RAISED ON 43RD NEAR 10TH AVENUE A HOMETOWN HERO TO THE BROADWAY GANG! THEY BACKED HIM ALL THE WAY UP THE LADDER AND WERE STILL WITH HIM WHEN HE WAS TRAINING FOR HIS BOUT WITH LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP JOHNNY TRIGG!



MIKE LOOKS GOOD BERNIE!

GOOD YEARN! BUT TRIGG IS A FOX! THE KNUCKLEHEADS THAT WATCH MY BOY IN TRAINING HERE ARE MAKING HIM OVER-CONFIDENT! ITS DANGEROUS WITH AN OLD-TIMER LIKE TRIGG!



HELLO, CLAY! WHAT'S THE OLD NIGHT OWL DOING OUT IN BROAD DAYLIGHT?

THOUGHT I'D DROP IN TO LOOK OVER MY FAVORITE FIGHTER! LIKED WHAT I SAW TOD, MIKE!



MOST OF THE FELLOWS DON'T CARE MUCH FOR MIKE'S MANAGER BERNIE HOFER! MAYBE IT WAS JUST THE WAY HE LOOKED BUT THEY DON'T TRUST HIM! STILL NOBODY EVER CAUGHT HIM DOING ANYTHING SHADY AND AFTER ALL, HE HAD BUILT MIKE CARROLL UP TO WHERE HE WAS! AND THE KID WAS HAPPY!



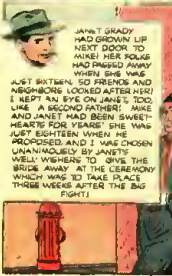
I GOT A NEW PUNCH, CLAY—A CORKSCREW! YOU BEND IT SHORT TO THE SOLAR PLEXUS, LIKE THIS—UNDERHAND—THEN TWIST AS YOU HIT! IT TAKES THE STARCH OUT OF THE OTHER GUY!

THESE ARE BIG TIMES FOR YOU, EH, GONF EVEN IF YOU DON'T TAKE THE CHAMP, YOU STILL WIN! ANY BOY THAT GETS A GIRL LIKE JANET GRADY IS GETTING TOP PRIZE!



I'VE GOT TO BEAT TRIGG, BOYD. NOT JUST FOR MYSELF, FOR JANET! I WANT TO GIVE HER EVERYTHING!

SURE, YOU DO... AND YOU WILL! COME ON, MIKE, SHE'S WAITING FOR YOU DOWN STAIRS!



JANET GRADY HAD GROWN UP NEXT DOOR TO MIKE! HER FOLKS HAD PASSED AWAY WHEN SHE WAS JUST SIXTEEN, SO FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS LOOKED AFTER HER! I KEPT AN EYE ON JANET, TOD, LIKE A SECOND FATHER! MIKE AND JANET HAD BEEN SWEET-HEARTS FOR YEARS! SHE WAS JUST EIGHTEEN WHEN HE PROPOSED, AND I WAS CHOSEN UNANIMOUSLY BY JANET'S WELL-WISHERS TO GIVE THE BRIDE AWAY AT THE CEREMONY WHICH WAS TO TAKE PLACE THREE WEEKS AFTER THE BIG FIGHT!



HELLO, MIKE DARLING!

HELLO, MONEY! SORRY I TOOK SO LONG, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE DOWN HERE!

I DIDN'T WANT TO TELL HIM TILL HE CHANGED OR HED HAVE COME DOWN IN HIS BOXING TRUNKS AND GLOVES! JANET, I SAID—OH, WHAT'S THE USE? THEY'RE IN LOVE!

TILLMAN'S NASILUM
ING
IPA

OBEY THE LAW



BUT ALL THOSE BRIGHT CLOUDS HAD A DARK LINING, ONLY WE DIDN'T KNOW IT YET! THAT SAME NIGHT, BERNIE HOFER, MIKE'S MANAGER, VISITED A VERY UNWHOLESOME CHARACTER... A RACKETEER AND GAMBLER NAMED JEFF JAEGER!



WELL, HOFER?

IT'S NO GO WITH MY JAEGER! MIKE ISN'T THE KIND THAT WOULD THROW A FIGHT! HE'D KNOCK MY TEETH OUT IF I SUGGESTED IT!

YOU CAN'T BACK OUT ON ME NOW, HOFER! I WOULDN'T BE SUCKER ENOUGH TO PUT MY DOUGH ON TRIGGS, EVEN AT THE ODDS I'M GETTING IF YOU HADN'T PROPORTIONED ME!

LOOK, JAEGER, DIDN'T I PUT MY OWN BOLL ON THE CHAMP? EIGHTY GRAND AND I STAND TO CLEAN UP FOUR TIMES THAT! BUT IF MY BOY WINS, ALL I GET IS MY CUT OF THE GATE! DO I LOOK LIKE SANTA CLAUS? MY BOY WON'T WIN! BUT THAT CAN BE ARRANGED WITHOUT A DIME! KNOW WHAT I MEAN?



NO, HOFER, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN! ALL I GOTTA SAY IS, CARROLL LOSES THIS FIGHT, OR ELSE I KNOW WHAT I MEAN? I GOT HALF A MILLION ON TRIGGS!

I GIVE YOU MY WORD, JAEGER! TWO WEEKS FROM NOW TRIGGS WILL STILL BE CHAMP—EVEN IF I WANTED TO CROSS YOU, I WOULDN'T BE THROWING EIGHTY G'S DOWN THE DRAIN, WOULD I? NO—KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED DURING THE THIRD ROUND, JAEGER!



WELL, SON, LIKE ANY OTHER TOWN, TIMES SQUARE HAS ITS SHARE OF ROTTERS, BUT THEY'D BE HARD-PUT TO MATCH BERNIE HOFER! AS FOR JEFF JAEGER, WELL, WE ALWAYS KNEW HE WAS NO GOOD! ANYHOW, ALL NEW YORK WAS TALKING ABOUT THE BIG FIGHT, AND EVERYONE WAS SO KEED UP YOU'D HAVE THOUGHT THEY WERE ALL FIGHTING IT!



THEN CAME THE BIG NIGHT, AND THE GARDEN WAS A SELLOUT! WITH THE MOB THAT WAS STILL STRUGGLING FOR TICKETS, LONG SINCE UNAVAILABLE, THEY COULD HAVE SOLD SEATS EVEN IN THE RAFTERS!



THERE ISN'T A GREATER THRILL THAN THOSE FEW HEART-GRIPPING MINUTES BEFORE THE FIRST BELL! I WAS RIGHT AT RINGSIDE—MIKE GOT ME THE SEAT—IT HAD BEEN FOR JANET, BUT SHE WOULDN'T COME! I FELT CONFIDENT THAT THE KID WOULD WIN!

GO GET 'EM, MIKE!



AS ROUND ONE ENDED...
WHUE! THAT PUNCH HURT! THAT WAS THE KID'S ROUND, EASY!

THE CHAMP'S AGE IS TELLIN' ON HIM, ALREADY!

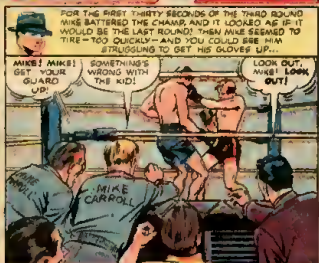
UHHH...

CLANG!

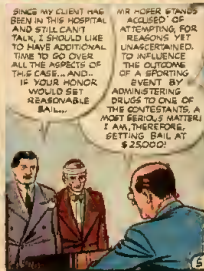
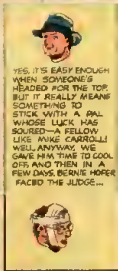
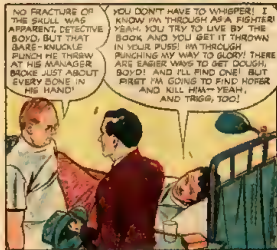


ALL THROUGH THE SECOND ROUND MIKE KEPT RIPPING THAT CORK-SCREW THROUGH TRIGGS' GUARD! ONCE HE BROUGHT HIS RIGHT ACROSS TO TRIGGS' JAW, AND THE CHAMP WENT DOWN FOR A COUNT OF EIGHT! TRIGGS MISSED WITH A RIGHT SO HARD THAT HE WENT OFF-BALANCE! MIKE THREW HIS LEFT AND, AS THE BELL ENDED THE ROUND, THEY HAD TO DRAG TRIGGS BACK TO HIS CORNER!

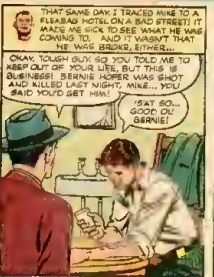
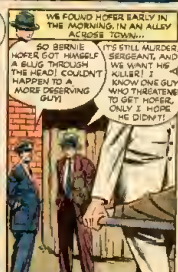
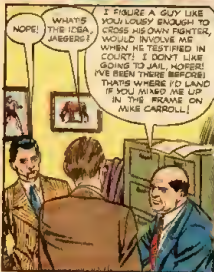
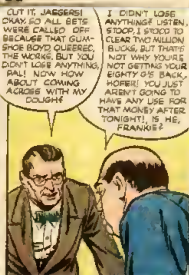
OBEY THE LAW



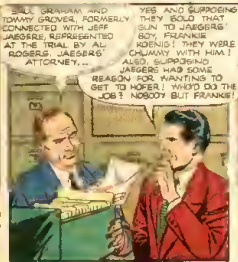
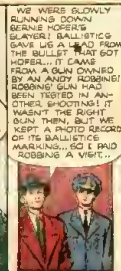
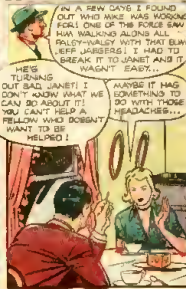
OBEY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW



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OBEDY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW



IT WORKS NEARLY EVERY TIME! CAPTAIN CAGLE SUDDENLY BECAME A VERY HUMAN GUY IN KOENIG'S EYES...NOT ONLY HAD HE SAVED HIM FROM A BEATING, WHICH I NEVER WOULD HAVE GIVEN HIM, BUT THE CAPTAIN HAD MADE ME LOOK SMALL! FRANKIE LIKED THAT!...A FEW MINUTES LATER, CONVINCED BY THE CAPTAIN THAT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY HE COULD BEHAVE THE CHAIR, HE OPENED UP AND SIGNED A CONFESSION....

WELL, THAT DOES IT! KOENIG SHOT HOFER AT JAEGER'S ORDERS! JAEGER'S AND HOFER WERE IN ON THE FRAME AGAINST MIKE CARROLL! BOTH HAD BET HEAVILY! WHEN YOU CAUGHT HOFER RED-HANDED, JAEGER'S WAS AFRAID HE'D TALK! I'VE LET KOENIG CALL HIS LAWYER! NOW YOU CAN PICK UP JAEGER'S, BOYD!

HOLY SMOKE! AL ROGERS IS FRANKIE'S LAWYER... THE FIRST THING HE'LL DO IS WARN JAEGER'S! I'LL HAVE TO STEP TO GET THE BIG SHOT BEFORE HE CAN SKIP TOWN!



MEANWHILE, FOR REASONS OF HIS OWN, JEFF JAEGER'S HAD TAKEN MIKE CARROLL INTO HIS MOBI AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN THE RACKETEER'S APARTMENT ON EAST 50TH STREET...

WHAT'S UP, BOSS? YOU KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS? IT'S BUS A.M. I WHY HURRY CALL!

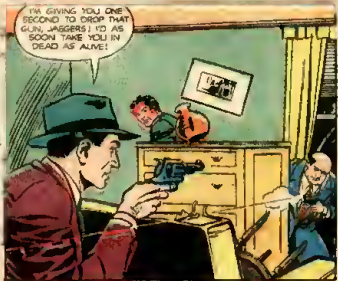
I HAVEN'T TIME TO EXPLAIN, MIKE! THE HEATS ON, AND WE'VE GOT TO BLOW TOWN! BETTER LOCK THE DOOR, JUST IN CASE!



THE ELEVATOR BOY TOLD ME THAT HE HAD JUST TAKEN MIKE UP TO JAEGER'S APARTMENT, SO I KNEW THE BIG SHOT WOULD STILL BE THERE! HIS DOOR WAS LOCKED, AND HE WOULD OPEN UP, SO I BLASTED THE LOCK OUT!...WHEN I PUSHED MY WAY THROUGH, I FOUND THE ROOM BLOCKADED LIKE A FORTRESS...



UH-HUH, HMMM... GO ON, CLAY, I'M LISTENING!



I'M GIVING YOU ONE SECOND TO DROP THAT GUN, JAEGER'S! I'D AS SOON TAKE YOU IN DEAD AS ALIVE!



IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT, PAL...

GET HIM, MIKE! SHOOT! SHOOT!



IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, BOSS!

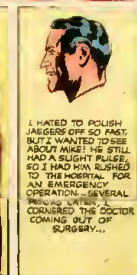
YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR HEAD, MIKE! LISTEN KOENIG JUST CONFESSED THAT HE KILLED HOFER! YOU KNOW WHY, MIKE? BECAUSE JAEGER'S WAS IN ON YOUR FRAME! HE HAD FRANKIE BUMP OFF HOFER! I CAN PROVE IT, MIKE! JUST LOOK AT JAEGER'S!



THAT'S A LIE, MIKE! BOYD'S TRYING TO GET YOU TO SIDE WITH HIM! HE'S TROCKY, MIKE! HE'LL HANG EVERYTHING ON YOU IF YOU FALL FOR HIS LINE!

I'LL MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T PULL ANYTHING, JAEGER'S! I'M GOING TO BLAST MY WAY OUT OF HERE, AND IF I GET BOYD, IT'S HIS TOUGH LUCK! BUT YOU'RE THE LIAR, JAEGER'S! IT'S WRITTEN ALL OVER YOUR FACE! EVERYTHING BOYD SAYS MAKES SENSE! SO YOU'RE FIRST, JAEGER'S!

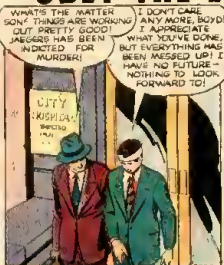
OBEY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW

A WEEK LATER MIKE WAS WELL ENOUGH TO HAVE VISITORS! I WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO CAME TO SEE HIM. BUT I HAD GOOD NEWS! HIS DOCTOR AND I HAD A CONFAB WITH THE D.A., AND I PROMISED TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR MIKE IF THE D.A. WOULD GIVE HIM A BREAK! DOC EXPLAINED ABOUT THE TRIAL, AND THE D.A. GAVE ME THE OKAY!

BUT MIKE WAS STILL GLUM WHEN I HELPED HIM OUT OF THE HOSPITAL THREE WEEKS LATER...



WHAT'S THE MATTER SON? THINGS ARE WORKING OUT PRETTY GOOD! JAGGERS HAS BEEN INDICTED FOR MURDER!

I DON'T CARE ANY MORE, BOYD! I APPRECIATE WHAT YOU'VE DONE, BUT EVERYTHING HAS BEEN MESSED UP! I HAVE NO FUTURE—NOTHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO!



I ALMOST MESSED THINGS UP WITH YOU, TOO, CLAY. THE BEST FRIEND I EVER HAD! I DIDN'T DESERVE THE HELP YOU'VE GIVEN ME!

DRIVER, TAKE US TO 48TH AND 8TH!



WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT, CLAY! WHY ALL THE SECRECY!

PHEN! THAT'S A BIG WORD FOR SUCH A YOUNG FELLER! JUST KEEP WALKING AND DON'T TALK TOO MUCH!



MIKE, ALL YOUR BROADWAY PALS HAVE CHIPPED IN TO GET YOU UP IN THE RESTAURANT BUSINESS!

LIKE A REAL RETIRED CHAMP MIKE! AND, KID, AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, YOU ARE THE CHAMP! I OUGHT TO KNOW! GEE, I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU LOOKING SO GOOD!

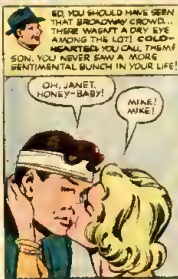
SPEECH! SPEECH! MAKE WITH THE WORDS, MICHAEL!



I...I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY! IT'S ITS JUST.

OF COURSE, THE PLACE WON'T BE READY FOR YOU TO TAKE OVER TILL YOU GET BACK FROM YOUR HONEY-MOON!

MIKE!



ED, YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THAT BROADWAY CROWD... THERE WASN'T A DRY EYE AMONG THE LOT! COLD-HEARTED! YOU CALL THEM! SON, YOU NEVER SAW A MORE GENTLEMANLY BUNCH IN YOUR LIFE!

OH, JANET, HONEY-BABY!

MIKE! MIKE!



THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY, ED! THINK I'LL BE GETTING HOME! GRAB MYSELF A SNOOZE! BE SEEING YOU!

HAWWE OH, YEAH! BE SEEING YOU, CLAY!



FOLKS, DO YOU THINK MY STORY HAD ANY IMPRESSION ON ED CLEARLY? WELL, I SAW HIM THE NEXT MORNING OVER ON BROADWAY...

GOOD MORNING, FELLERS! A NICE DAY!

HUFF OH, GOOD MORNING, OFFICER! YEAH, IT'S A SWELL DAY!

the classroom secret

I'LL GIVE YOU 25 CENTS, ALICE, BUT WHAT DO YOU WANT IT FOR?

I'M SORRY, MOTHER. I CAN'T TELL. IT'S A CLASS SECRET IN SCHOOL.

COME ON. LET'S PLAY BASEBALL. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THE 50 CENTS YOU'LL GET FOR CUTTING THE GRASS?

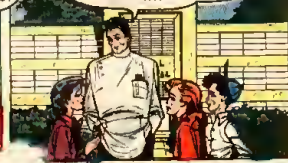
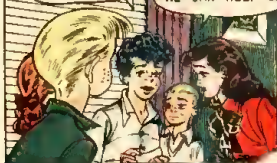
GOTTA EARN SOME MONEY. IT'S A CLASS ROOM SECRET.



WELL, WE'VE GOT 10 DOLLARS SAVED UP AND WE'RE ALL READY FOR THE PARTY. BUT WHERE CAN WE HOLD IT?

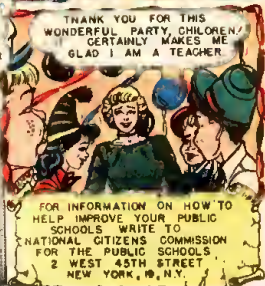
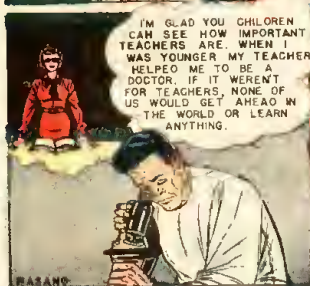
LET'S GO AND SEE MY BROTHER, JOE. HE'S A DOCTOR AND KNOWS A LOT ABOUT A LOT OF THINGS. MAYBE HE CAN HELP US.

IT'S A WONDERFUL IDEA TO GIVE A SURPRISE PARTY FOR YOUR TEACHER. I HAVE A BIG PLAYROOM IN MY HOUSE. YOU CAN HOLD THE PARTY THERE.....



I'M GLAD YOU CHILDREN CAN SEE HOW IMPORTANT TEACHERS ARE. WHEN I WAS YOUNGER MY TEACHER HELPED ME TO BE A DOCTOR. IF IT WEREN'T FOR TEACHERS, NONE OF US WOULD GET AHEAD IN THE WORLD OR LEARN ANYTHING.

THANK YOU FOR THIS WONDERFUL PARTY, CHILDREN! CERTAINLY MAKES ME GLAD I AM A TEACHER.



FOR INFORMATION ON HOW TO HELP IMPROVE YOUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS WRITE TO
NATIONAL CITIZENS COMMISSION
FOR THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS
2 WEST 45TH STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y.

DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME



THE CORPSE TALKS BACK!

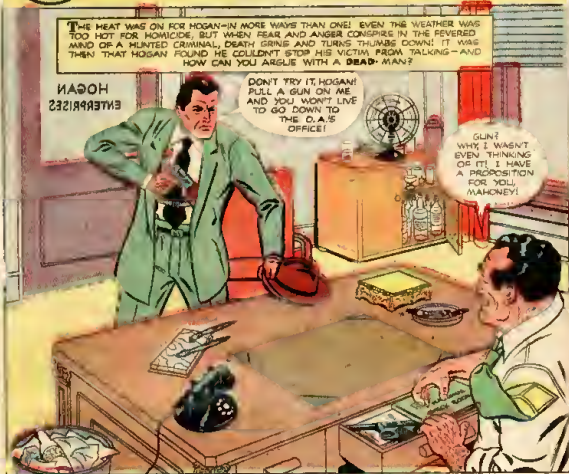
AND A HARRIED KILLER BY THE NAME OF HOGAN
CAN'T SHUT HIM UP!

THE HEAT WAS ON FOR HOGAN-IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE! EVEN THE WEATHER WAS TOO HOT FOR HOMICIDE, BUT WHEN FEAR AND ANGER CONSPIRE IN THE FEVERED MIND OF A HUNTED CRIMINAL, DEATH GRINS AND TURNS THUMBS DOWN! IT WAS THEN THAT HOGAN FOUND HE COULDN'T STOP HIS VICTIM FROM TALKING-AND HOW CAN YOU ARGUE WITH A DEAD MAN?

HOGAN
ENTERPRISES

DON'T TRY IT, HOGAN!
PULL A GUN ON ME
AND YOU WON'T LIVE
TO GO DOWN TO
THE D.A.'S
OFFICE!

GUN?
WHY, I WASN'T
EVEN THINKING
OF IT! I HAVE
A PROPOSITION
FOR YOU,
MAHONEY!



MIKE HOGAN
HAD BEEN SMART.
HE HAD PLACED
A LOT OF STOGGES
BETWEEN HIMSELF
AND THE GUYS
WHO HANDED
THE DIRTY WORK
IN HIS RACKET!
HE THOUGHT IT
WOULD TAKE THE
LAW A LONG TIME
TO GO THROUGH
THEM ALL TO
REACH HIM,
BUT IT DIDN'T...
AND MIKE HOGAN
STOPPED BEING
SMART!

HEY, WHAT DO
YOU MEAN, BUSTIN'
IN HERET' ON
THE LAW!

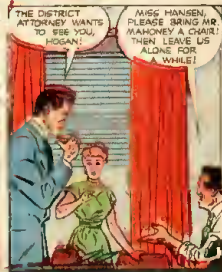
DETECTIVE MAHONEY,
D.A.'S OFFICE,
HOGAN!

I TRIED
TO STOP
HM, MR
HOGAN!

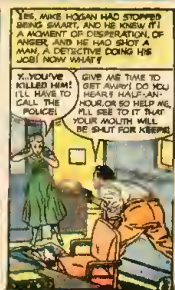
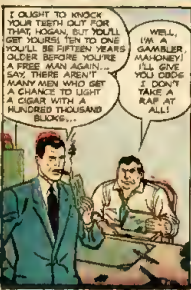
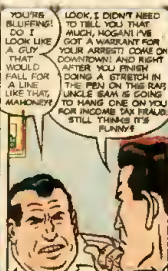


THE DISTRICT
ATTORNEY WANTS
TO SEE YOU,
HOGAN!

MISS HANSEN,
PLEASE BRING MR.
MAHONEY A CHAIR!
THEN LEAVE US
ALONE FOR
A WHILE!



OBEDY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW

HOGAN'S SECRETARY DID AS SHE WAS TOLD: POLICE ARRIVED WITHIN FIVE MINUTES OF HER CALL...

WHY DID YOU WAIT SO LONG? DIDN'T YOU KNOW HE MIGHT DIE WITHOUT MEDICAL ATTENTION? WHY DIDN'T YOU AT LEAST CALL A HOSPITAL?

MR. HOGAN SAID I'D BE KILLED IF I CALLED BEFORE HALF AN HOUR! I... I WAS AFRAID! I WANTED TO B. BUT HE...



YEAH, HE GOT JOHNNY MANONEY. SERGEANT! LISTEN, I WANT A THREE-STATE ALARM ON MICHAEL HOGAN! HE WON'T GET FAR! HAVE EVERY SUBWAY, BUS TERMINAL, TRAIN DEPOT AND AIRPORT COVERED! I WANT THAT LOUSE, AND I WANT HIM QUICK!



TWO WEEKS PASSED, AND THEY HADN'T CAUGHT HOGAN! BUT NOT A MAN ON THE FORCE FORGOT THAT HOGAN HAD SHOT ONE OF THEIR BOYS! THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT IT AT A PRECINCT IN GREENWICH VILLAGES...

ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I READ IN THE PAPERS! MANONEY IS EXPECTED TO PULL THROUGH, BUT IT'LL BE A HARD FIGHT! BROTHER, I'D LIKE TO BE THE ONE TO FIND THAT SKUNK! ONLY HE'S PROBABLY IN CANADA BY NOW!

DOUBT THAT WILL! MY MUNCH IS THAT HE'S HOLED UP SOMEWHERE IN NEW YORK, AND THAT HE WON'T POKE HIS NOSE OUT TILL HE THINKS THE HEAT'S OFF!



SERGEANT, THE WAY IT LOOKS THIS MORNIN', ITS NEVER GOING TO COOL OFF, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE THE GAG!

YEAH, WILLIS. THIS IS GOING TO BE A CORKER, ALL RIGHT! AS SOON AS SERGEANT BROPHY TAKES OVER FOR ME, THIS AFTERNOON, I'M GOING HOME AND SPEND THE REST OF THE DAY IN A COLD TUB!



IT WAS AN UNUSUALLY HOT AUGUST DAY, EVEN FOR NEW YORK... A BREATHLESS SCORCHER, THE KIND OF DAY SHIMMERING HEAT WAVES FLOAT UP FROM THE SIDEWALKS AND MAKE LIFE UNBEARABLE! BY 7:30 P.M., OFFICER PETER CAGLIONE WAS WHIPPED!



HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU, MR. CAGLIONE?

UGH!

AND ON SUCH DAYS, THE USUALLY FAST-MOVING CITY OF NEW YORK SLOWS DOWN TO A SUBURGEOUS CRAWL...

YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO KIND OF SHOVE ME UNDER THAT HYDRANT, JIM?

IF IT WASN'T FOR REGULATIONS, I WOULD—NO KIDDIN'! WHAT A STINKER THIS ONE'S BEEN! PHEW!



HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU, CAGLIONE?

FIFTH PRECINCT POLICE STATION

AAH!

PLEASE, DON'T ANYBODY SAY, IS IT HOT ENOUGH FOR ME! BOY, IF IT'S LIKE THIS TOMORROW, I'M GOING TO LOAD ME, MRS. CAGLIONE AND THE KIDS INTO THE BUGGY AND HEAD FOR CONEY!

AW, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU GUYS? WHEN IT'S COLD YOU WANT IT HOT, AND WHEN IT'S HOT YOU WANT IT COLD! THINK OF HOW YOUR FEET ACED FROM THE SNOW AND ICY SIDEWALKS LAST WINTER! AND NOW IT FELT LIKE YOUR EARS WERE GOING TO DROP OFF! THEN YOU COULDN'T WAIT FOR SUMMER!



BOBEY THE LAW



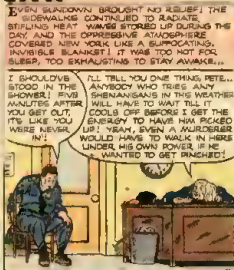
WILL YOU GET A LOAD OF HALMAN! HE COMES FRESH OUT OF A COLD SHOWER, AND HE CAN'T SEE WHAT'S EATING ME! HUH! WAIT TILL HE'S ON THE STREET FOR FIVE MINUTES!

YEAH, IT'S A GIZZLER! AND NO RELIEF IN SIGHT! WELL AT LEAST THERE WASN'T MUCH TROUBLE TODAY...



NO TROUBLE? WHAT ABOUT THOSE FOUR PROSTITUTIONS I CALLED IN SINCE I CAME ON AT THREE? AND THAT OLD COOT THAT GOT WACKY WITH THE HEAT AND TRIED TO COOL OFF IN A SEWER? - THIS IS NOTHING, SERGEANT BRODY?

AW, GO TAKE YOURSELF A SHOWER, PETE! I MEAN IT'S TOO HOT FOR ANYBODY TO PULL A STICKUP OR SNATCH A PURSE AND RUN! ALSO IT'S TOO HOT TO ARGUE!



I SHOULD'VE STOOD IN THE SHOWER! FIVE MINUTES AFTER YOU GET OUT, IT'S LIKE YOU WERE NEVER IN!

I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING, PETE... ANYBODY WHO TIES ANY SHENANIGANS IN THIS WEATHER WILL HAVE TO WAIT TILL IT COOLS OFF BEFORE I GET THE ENERGY TO HAVE HIM PICKED UP! YEAH, EVEN A MURDERER WOULD HAVE TO WALK IN HERE UNDER HIS OWN POWER IF HE WANTED TO GET PINCHED!



ONLY A FEW BLOCKS FROM THIS STATION HOUSE, MIKE HOGAN WAS HING! SURE! WHERE ELSE CAN A HUNTED CRIMINAL LOSE HIMSELF MORE EFFECTIVELY THAN IN A BIG CITY? BUT TWO WEEKS WAS A LONG TIME FOR A GUY LIKE HOGAN TO BE ALONE...

CAN'T TAKE THIS MUCH LONGER... GOT TO HAVE SOMEBODY TO TALK TO! JUST ME AND THE BOTTLES, AND THIS STINKING HEAT! GONG NUTS TALKING TO MYSELF!



...FEEL LIKE I'M CHOKING! ...GOT TO OPEN THIS DOOR! ...GET A LITTLE AIR... ONLY I'M AFRAID... AHH! NO COP WOULD COME UP TO THIS RATHOLE LOOKING FOR ME! GOT TO GET AIR!



LIGHT! THIS IS WORSE! DEAD AIR AND COOKING SMELLS! IF I COULD GET SOMEBODY TO OPEN A DOOR, MAYBE WE'D GET A LITTLE CROSS VENTILATION!... BUT IT MIGHT BE SOMEBODY WHO'D KNOW I'M WANTED... WELL, I GOT TO RISK IT OR DIE OF THIS HEAT!



SAY, MAC, I'M FROM ACROSS THIS HALL! I THOUGHT MAYBE IF WE'D LEAVE OUR DOORS OPEN, THERE'D BE SOME KIND OF A BREEZE... IT'S OKAY WITH ME, MASTER, ONLY YOUR SIDE DOESN'T CATCH THE SUN IN THE AFTER-NOON, LIKE THIS DUMP! ALL YOU'LL GET OUT OF HERE IS A FURNACE BLAST!



YEAH? LOOK, YOU GOT ANOTHER DECK? WE COULD GO OVER TO MY PLACE AND HAVE A FEW ROUNDS OF CANASTA! I GOT SOME LIQUID REFRESHMENTS...

WHY NOT? WE CAN'T STOP THE WEATHER, SO MAYBE WE CAN DO SOMETHING TO FORGET IT!

OBEY THE LAW

THAT'S HOW MIKE HOGAN AND A STRANGER NAMED LIKE FLEWING GOT TOGETHER FOR A FRIENDLY GAME OF CANASTA, BUT IT DIDN'T STAY FRIENDLY FOR LONG! FLEWING WAS DOING ALL THE WINNING! AND THE HEAT AND THE LIQUOR, WERE DOING SOMETHING TO HOGAN'S NERVES...

COME ON, HAYES! STARING AT YOUR CARDS ISN'T GOING TO CHANGE 'EM!

I DON'T LIKE THIS GUY! LOOKS LIKE A RAT-FACED SNEAK! SHOULD HAVE STEERED CLEAR OF HIM!



HE'S COLD-DECKING ME! FLEWING'S GOT SOMETHING IN HIS CRAW! MAYBE HE'S ON TO ME! MY PICTURES WERE ALL OVER THE PAPERS TILL LAST WEEK! MAYBE HE THINKS I'LL LET HIM SKIN ME JUST TO KEEP HIM FROM SQUEALING!

YOU'RE JUST ABOUT OUT, HUH, FLEWING?

6,030 POINTS, HAYES! AT TWO CENTS A POINT, YOU OWE ME A HUNDRED AND TWENTY SUCKS!



I'VE GOT MORE DOUGH IN MY BUREAU. FLEWING! FUNNY, I'VE PLAYED THIS GAME WITH SOME PRETTY SHARP BIRDS, BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN TAKEN OVER LIKE THIS!

AW, IT'S JUST THE WAY THE CARDS RUN! TELL YOU WHAT, WE'LL UP THE ANTE. SAY, A NICKLE A POINT, IF IT'S OKAY WITH YOU! THAT'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO GET EVEN!



A MAN ISN'T THE SAME WHEN HE'S HUNTED! HIS ANIMAL INSTINCTS COME TO THE FORE AND HE GETS 'JUMPY!' HOGAN WAS THAT WAY NOW...

I GOT A CONCEALED CANASTA, HAYES... AND IT LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT STUCK WITH A PISTUL! BETTER BE GETTING YOUR DOUGH FROM THAT BUREAU!

THAT RAT'S BEEN PUTTING THE SQUEEZE ON ME! YEAH, HELL WRING ME DRY, THEN SPILL TO THE LAW ANYHOW!

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GETTING AWAY WITH, STOOLE! THINK YOU'RE PLAYING WITH A KID'S



WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THIS STOOLE STUFF, HAYES? LISTEN, IF YOU AREN'T MAN ENOUGH TO LOSE A FEW LOUSY BUCKS, THEN I'M THROUGH PLAYING WITH YOU!

YOU STAY, FLEWING! YOU KNOW MY NAME ISN'T HAYES! YOU KNOW I'M MIKE HOGAN, DON'T YOU?



AHH, YOU'RE CRAZY WITH THE HEAT, HAYES, OR HOGAN, OR WHAT-EVER YOUR NAME IS! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

YOU SLEAZY, SQUEALING RAT! THOUGHT I'D CLAM UP AND LET YOU GIVE ME A FAST SHUFFLE! WELL, I'M NOT LETTING ANY WHITE-WEARED STOOLE PIGEON PUT THE BITE ON ME! YOU AREN'T GOING ANYWHERE, FLEWING! YOU WON'T GET A CHANCE TO TALK TO THE POLICE!



COME ON, CUT THE ROUGH STUFF! WHY DON'T YOU GO SLEEP IT OFF?

I WON'T LET A PUNK LIKE YOU BLACKMAIL ME! YOU KNOW I'M HIDING FROM THE COPS! YOU'VE BEEN CHISELING ON EVERY HAND...AND I'M SUPPOSED TO SIT HERE AND TAKE IT! I DON'T PAY OFF TO SQUEALERS! YOU'D RAT ON ME, ANYHOW! BUT I'LL KILL YOU FIRST, FLEWING!



HEY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? YOU'RE JUST PLAIN NUTS!



NOT NUTS ENOUGH TO LET YOU GET AWAY WITH IT! YOU CAN'T BLUFF YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS! I KNOW A STOOLE WHEN I SEE ONE!

NO! DON'T GIVE ME A CHANCE! I'LL PROVE I'M NOT—

THERE, SQUEALER! TRY TALKING TO THE LAW NOW! NOW GO TO THE POLICE, FLEWING!



OBEDY THE LAW

DEAD AS A MACKERAL! WELL, LET'S SEE WHAT YOU GOT ON YOU! A SPECIAL PASS FROM THE POLICE, MAYBE! YOU'VE BEEN WATCHING ME RIGHT ALONG, TAKING NOTES FOR THE LAW. I'LL BET! BUT THEY'LL NEVER SEE 'EM, FLEMING!



...LUKE FLEMING, REPRESENTATIVE, FOWLER SHOE COMPANY... AND A TRAIN STUB! HUH! HE JUST BLEW IN THIS MORNING, IF THE DATE'S RIGHT ON THIS TICKET! HE COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN ME! GOSH, I HAD FLEMING ALL WRONG!



LOOK, FLEMING, I MADE A MISTAKE, AND I'M SORRY! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY... PLAY MORE CANASTA IF YOU WANT! AWW, COME ON, BOY! YOU AREN'T REALLY DEAD! IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE, SO YOU COULDN'T BE DEAD!



OKAY THEN, PLAY LIKE YOU'RE DEAD! I DON'T CARE IF YOU ARE DEAD! JUST DON'T BOTHER ME!



THE HEAT KEPT ROARING UP IN HOGAN'S EARS! FOR AN HOUR HE SAT SULKING, DRINKING, WATCHING HIS VICTIM! HE HELD A ONE-SIDED CONVERSATION WITH THE CORPSE UNTIL HE WEARIED OF IT...

WHAT'S MATTER, FLEMING, CAT GOTCHA TONGUE? HAD PLUNTY TO SAY BEFORE! WELL, NOBODY SAYS I GOTTA SIT HERE AND LOOK AT YOUR UGLY PUSS! STAY DEAD IF YA WANT! I DON'T HAVE TO LOOK AT YOU! I'LL TURN A LIGHT OFF ANY SEE HOW YOU LIKE THAT!



WHAT'D YOU WANT TO DO THAT FOR, HOGAN? YOU'RE A SOREHEAD! A BIG SLUBBER OR A SOREHEAD!

HUMF SO YOU HAD TO WAIT TILL I TURNED THE LIGHTS OFF TO TALK! YOU TWO-BIT CHISLER, TRYING TO PULL A STACKED DECK!



YOU'RE A ROTTEN LOSER, HOGAN! I WOULDN'T PLAY CARDS WITH YOU AGAIN EVEN IF YOU GOT DOWN ON YOUR KNEES AND BEGGED ME!



GOING TO GET RID OF ME, HOGAN? HOW THEY'LL CATCH YOU TAKING ME DOWN! SOMEBODY'LL SEE YOU! WHERE COULD YOU TAKE ME WITHOUT SOMEBODY SEEING YOU?



YEAH, I GOTTA WAIT! WHAT TIME IS IT? I'LL FIND SOME PLACE, FLEMING, WHEN NOBODY'S AROUND!

FOR THE NEXT FORTY MINUTES ONLY THE OCCASIONAL MOAN OF A DISTANT TUG WHISTLE BROKE THE BREATHLESS STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT! THEN, SUDDENLY, FROM A NEARBY TOWER, A BIG CLOCK BOOMED ONCE...

ONE O'CLOCK, HOGAN! YOU GON' TO DITCH ME NOW, OR DO I ROP HERE TILL THE POLICE COME AND FIND ME? OH, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN SO MAD, HOGAN! YOU'RE IN A TIGHT SPOT, PAL!



OBEY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW

IT WAS VERY QUIET OVER AT THIS PRECINCT! THERE HADN'T BEEN AN ARREST ALL EVENING AND NOT A BEER FROM ANYBODY EXCEPT ABOUT THE HEAT! MOST NEW YORKERS WERE SUMMERING IN SILENCE, BUT PATROLMAN HALMAN WAS MOST VOLUBLE...

WHOOSH! SOMEBODY TOSS ME A SLOTTER! I'M CRIPPLING!
OH, IT'S THE WALKING ICEBERG! NOT ENOUGH FOR YOU, HALMAN!

THEY'LL STOP YOU FROM FOLLOWING ME! I'LL HAVE THE LAW ON YOU!

WHO IN THE WORLD IS RUNNING ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS?

GOTTA HAVE HELP! YOU GOTTA MAKE HIM GET AWAY AND STOP TALKIN'! HE STARTED THE WHOLE THING! NOW I CAN'T SHUT HIM UP!

UH-OH! HERE'S ONE FOR BELLEVUE'S BUTTERFLY WARD! GRAB HIM, HALMAN!

HOLD IT! I KNOW WHO THIS GUY IS! IT'S MIKE HOGAN, THE PUNK THAT SHOT TOM MAHONEY! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!



HEAR HIM? HE COLD-DECKED ME, "THE RAT" I BEAT HIS HEAD IN WITH A CHAIR, AND THREW HIM DOWN THE SEWER BUT HE WON'T QUIT FOLLOWING ME! I CAN'T MAKE HIM SHUT UP! STONE-COLD DEAD, BUT HE KEEPS ON YAPPING! SHUT UP, FLEMING!

THIS GUY HAS THE BYS, SERGEANT!

NO, IT ISN'T ALL LIQUOR, CAGLIONE! LET HOGAN TALK! HE'D ONLY GO TO PRISON FOR WHAT HE DID TO POOR MAHONEY. BECAUSE MAHONEY WILL PULL THROUGH! I WANT TO SEE HOGAN GET WHAT'S COMING TO HIM! IF HE MURDERED SOMEBODY I WANT TO SEE HIM GET THE CHAIR!

LET'S HAVE IT AGAIN, HOGAN! YOU SAY YOU THREW SOMEONE NAMED FLEMING INTO A SEWER AFTER YOU KILLED HIM? WHERE IS THE SEWER, HOGAN?

ON BLEEKER STREET, IN FRONT OF 1828! BUT HE CAME BACK UP! DON'T YOU SEE HIM BEHIND ME? YOU GOT TO MAKE HIM STOP FOLLOWING ME!

OH, THE WHOLE FORCE'LL BE TICKLED ABOUT THIS! HALMAN, TAKE THAT RAT BACK AND LOCK HIM UP! CAGLIONE, GO OVER TO BLEEKER STREET AND LOOK IN THE SEWER! AND DON'T FORGET YOUR FLASH-LIGHT! IF YOU SEE THE BODY THERE, GIVE ME A CALL, AND I'LL SEND A VAN!

YOU CAN KEEP FLEMING AWAY FROM ME, CAN'T YOU? IF YOU TELL HIM TO, MAYBE HE'LL SHUT UP!



SHUT HIM UP, NOTHING! I HOPE HE HAUNTS YOU ALL THE WAY TO THE HOT SEAT!
HAI JUST WAIT TILL MIKE HOGAN WAKES UP TOMORROW MORNING AND FINDS HIMSELF BEHIND BARS! I'D LIKE TO GET A PICTURE OF THAT!

WHAT'D I SAY EARLIER? I SAID EVEN A MURDERER WOULD HAVE TO WALK IN HERE UNDER HIS OWN POWER IF HE WANTED TO GET PINCHED! AND DARNED IF ONE DIDN'T, CAGLIONE!

YEAH, DARNED IF ONE DIDN'T!



THE END

DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME



HOT CARS AND COLD, CALCULATING,
MURDEROUS SCHEMING LEAD TO A

JANUARY SLAYRIDE

WELL, THERE IT IS, GORDON! THAT TUG CAPTAIN WASN'T SO CRAZY AFTER ALL! WHAT I CAN'T FIGURE IS HOW THE CAR GOT INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE RIVER — AND WHY!

WE'LL HAVE THE ANSWER TO THAT — AND PERHAPS MORE — WHEN WE FIGURE OUT HOW A CAR, WEIGHING OVER A TON, WAS ABLE TO LEAP A HIGH CURB AND JUMP AN EVEN HIGHER STONE FENCE OF THE BRIDGE WITHOUT HAVING TOUCHED EITHER!



THE ICE-CHOKED RIVER YIELDED A GRUESOME PRIZE AND WITH IT CAME EVIDENCE OF TREACHERY AND MURDER! YET ONE PERFECTLY OBVIOUS FACT TAUNTED THE POLICE — AUTOMOBILES CAN'T FLY!

IN THE FALL OF 1944 AN OBNOXIOUS CHARACTER NAMED MAC RICKERT WAS RELEASED FROM THE BIG HOUSE, AFTER HAVING SERVED OUT A THREE-YEAR STRETCH...

WELL, THIS IS THE DAY, EH, RICKERT? LOTS OF LUCK TO YOU!

DON'T GIVE ME THE GLAD HAND PAL! I DON'T HAVE TO LICK YOUR BOOTS OR ANYONE ELSE'S! I'M A FREE MAN NOW — AND ANY GOOD LUCK I HAVE I'LL MAKE!

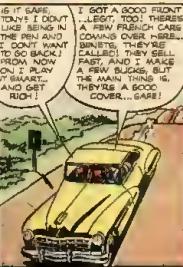


SORRY YOU FEEL THAT WAY, RICKERT, BECAUSE YOU'LL BE BACK UP HERE SOME DAY, AND YOU'LL WANT FRIENDS!

I DON'T NEED FRIENDS THAT BAD, WISE GUY! AND NEXT TIME YOU HEAR ABOUT ME I'LL BE ABLE TO BUY AND SELL A THOUSAND PUNKS LIKE YOU!



OBEY THE LAW



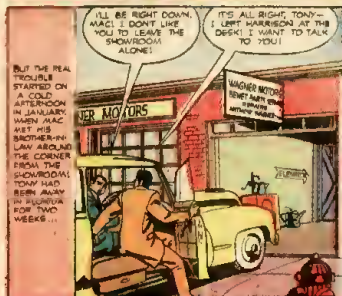
SO MAC RICKERT WENT TO WORK AS FRONT MAN IN HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW'S AUTO SHOWROOM ON THE MAIN STEM! A FEW DAYS LATER, MILES GORDON, THE DETECTIVE WHO HAD ARRESTED HIM THREE YEARS BEFORE, PAID HIM A VISIT...



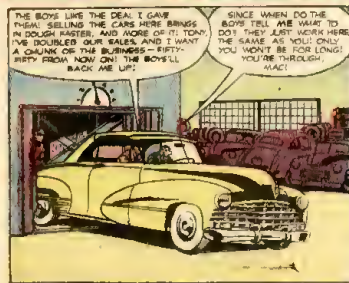
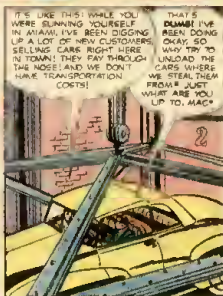
OBEDIENT THE LAW



YEAH
SURE I DID!
I LEARNED
NOT TO GET
CAUGHT
NEXT
TIME!



BUT THE REAL TROUBLE STARTED ON A COLD AFTERNOON IN JANUARY, WHEN MAC MET HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW AROUND THE CORNER FROM THE SHOWROOM! TONY HAD BEEN AWAY IN FLORIDA FOR TWO WEEKS...

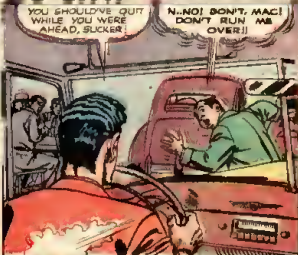


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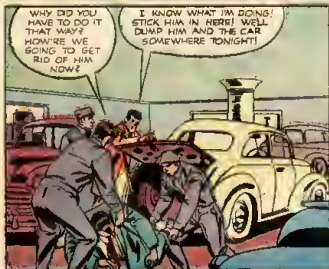
WHY DON'T YOU JUST TO GO COURT AND SUE ME, SMART GUY?

THAT'S GRATITUDE! IF IT WASN'T FOR YOUR SISTER, I'D KNOCK YOUR TEETH OUT!



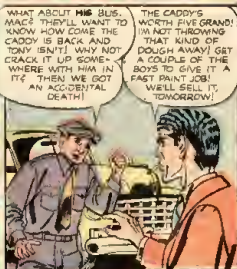
YOU SHOULD'VE QUIT WHILE YOU WERE AHEAD, SUCKER!

N..NO! DON'T, MAC! DON'T RUIN ME OVER!!



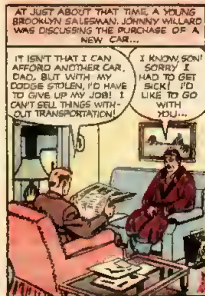
WHY DO YOU HAVE TO DO IT THAT WAY? HOW'RE WE GOING TO GET RID OF HIM NOW?

I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING! STICK HIM IN HERE! WE'LL DUMP HIM AND THE CAR SOMEWHERE TONIGHT!



WHAT ABOUT HIS BUS, MAC? THEY'LL WANT TO KNOW HOW COME THE CADDY IS BACK AND TONY ISN'T! WHY NOT CRACK IT UP SOMEWHERE WITH HIM IN IT? THEN WE GOT AN ACCIDENTAL DEATH!

THE CADDY'S WORTH FIVE GRAND! I'M NOT THROWING THAT KIND OF DOUGH AWAY! GET A COUPLE OF THE BOYS TO GIVE IT A FAST PAINT JOB! WE'LL SELL IT, TOMORROW!



AT JUST ABOUT THAT TIME, A YOUNG BROOKLYN SALESMAN, JOHNNY WILLARD WAS DISCUSSING THE PURCHASE OF A NEW CAR...

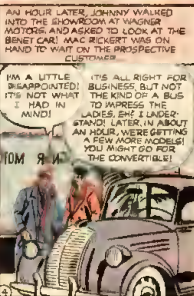
IT ISN'T THAT I CAN AFFORD ANOTHER CAR, DAD, BUT WITH MY DODGE STOLEN, I'D HAVE TO GIVE UP MY JOB! I CAN'T SELL THINGS WITHOUT TRANSPORTATION!

I KNOW, SON! SORRY I HAD TO GET SICK! I'D LIKE TO GO WITH YOU...



THESE FOREIGN CARS WOULD BE AS MUCH OF A MYSTERY TO YOU AS THEY ARE TO ME, DAD! ALL I'VE GOT TO GO BY IS THIS AD! I JUST WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO TRAVEL TO THE OTHER END OF THE CITY TO GET A LOOK AT IT!

WELL, DON'T BUY TILL YOU'RE SURE A BENET IS WHAT YOU WANT!



AN HOUR LATER, JOHNNY WALKED INTO THE SHOWROOM AT WAGNER MOTORS, AND ASKED TO LOOK AT THE BENET CAR! MAC RICKERT WAS ON HAND TO WAIT ON THE PROSPECTIVE CUSTOMER.

I'M A LITTLE DISAPPOINTED! IT'S NOT WHAT I HAD IN MIND!

IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR BUSINESS, BUT NOT THE KIND OF A BUS TO IMPRESS THE LADIES, EH? I UNDERSTAND! LATER, IN ABOUT AN HOUR, WE'RE GETTING A FEW MORE MODELS! YOU MIGHT GO FOR THE CONVERTIBLE!

OBEY THE LAW



ON THE OTHER HAND, WE'VE GOT A GOOD SELECTION OF USED CARS UPSTAIRS! IF YOU CARE TO LOOK AT THEM WHILE WE'RE WAITING FOR THE BENET CONVERTIBLE MODELS, YOU MAY SEE SOMETHING YOU LIKE!

ALL RIGHT, LET'S GO!



HAVE A LOOK AROUND MR. WILLARD! I'LL CALL THE DISTRIBUTORS AND SEE IF THOSE BENETS ARE ON THE WAY UP!

THANKS MR. RICKERT!



WHY'D YOU BRING HIM UP HERE, MAC! AT LEAST YOU COULD HAVE WAITED TILL WE GOT THAT DODGE

DON'T WORRY! I WON'T SELL IT TO HIM! HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT'S IN THE TRUNK!

BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING VERY FAMILIAR ABOUT THAT DODGE EVEN THOUGH IT HAD A NEW PAINT JOB. JOHNNY RECOGNIZED CERTAIN MARKS—NICKS AND DENTS—THAT MAKE ANY CAR RECOGNIZABLE TO ITS OWNER...



I DON'T LIKE THE WAY THAT GUY IS EYING THE DODGE, MAC! HE ACTS LIKE IT'S AN OLD FRIEND!

QUIT WORRYING! I'LL STEER HIM AWAY FROM IT! I'LL OFFER HIM A GOOD BUY ON SOMETHING ELSE TO GET RID OF HIM, IF I HAVE TO!



...I'D KNOW MY CAR ANYWHERE, MR. RICKERT! I TELL YOU, IT WAS STOLEN FROM ME!

YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN! WE'VE HAD THIS HEAP OVER A MONTH!



IT WAS STOLEN JUST LAST WEEK! LOOK—I'LL PROVE THIS IS MY CAR! I'VE GOT A KEY FOR THE TRUNK ON MY RING!

HEY! JUST A MINUTE THERE, WILLARD! KEEP AWAY FROM THAT TRUNK!



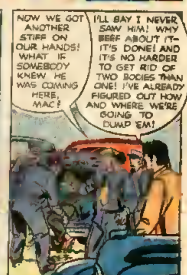
THERE YOU ARE! WHAT DO I... SAY!

TOO BAD FOR YOU, KID! YOU SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO ME!



WH...WHAT IS THIS? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? NO! WAIT!!

LET HIM HAVE IT, BURKARD!



NOW WE GOT ANOTHER STIFF ON OUR HANDS! WHAT IF SOMEBODY KNEW HE WAS COMING HERE, MAC?

I'LL SAY I NEVER SAW HIM! WHY BEEF ABOUT IT—IT'S DONE! AND IT'S NO HARDER TO GET RID OF TWO BODIES THAN ONE! I'VE ALREADY FIGURED OUT HOW AND WHERE WE'RE GOING TO DUMP 'EM!

OBEY THE LAW

SIX OR SEVEN HOURS LATER, AT 3 A.M. CAPTAIN NEAL ANDERS, OF THE TUG, STACY MALONE WAS APPROACHING THE NORTH RIVER WASHINGTON BRIDGE AT 181ST STREET WHEN HE BEHELD A SIGHT THAT STARTLED AND AMAZED HIM...



GREAT DAY! I MUST BE SEEING THINGS!



GOT TO AVOID THAT BROKEN-OUT ICE, OR NOBODY'LL BELIEVE I SAW WHAT I SAW! BESIDES, IT MARKS THE SPOT!

THE CAPTAIN TIED UP NEAR OYKMAN STREET, AND HURRIED TO THE NEAREST POLICE PRECINCT! BUT HE HAD SOME DIFFICULTY CONVINCING THE DESK

AS TO THE TRUTH OF HIS STORY...

LISTEN, SERGEANT—I HAVE A LOAD TO DELIVER AT THE HEAD OF THE ISLAND! DO YOU THINK I'D TAKE MY VALUABLE TIME TO MAKE UP THIS YARN! AND COME HERE WITH IT? I'M TELLING YOU...



ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN, I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH THE STATION OVER THERE—BUT A CAR JUMPING THE RAILING WITHOUT TOUCHING IT! PHEW!

SHORTLY BEFORE DAWN, LIEUTENANT LEVINS AND DETECTIVE GORDON WERE DIRECTING THE SEARCH FOR THE MYSTERIOUS HIGH-JUMPING CAR! A GAPING HOLE IN THE ICE BELOW THE BRIDGE BORE OUT THE TUG CAPTAIN'S REPORT...

THERE'S A CAR DOWN THERE, ALL RIGHT! THE PRESSURE WAS TOO GREAT FOR ME TO OPEN THE DOOR—BUT AS FAR AS I COULD SEE, THERE WASN'T A BODY INSIDE! I'VE FASTENED THE DERRICK HOOPS, SO YOU CAN HAUL IT AWAY!



DARNEST THING I'VE HEARD OF! CARS DON'T FLY! WELL, LET'S GET IT UP! MAYBE WE CAN FIND THE ANSWER!

WITHIN AN HOUR THE CAR WAS ON SHORE, THE TRUNK BROKEN OPEN AND THE POLICE HAD A COUPLE OF ANSWERS—TWO BODIES! AND BY LATE AFTERNOON NOT ONLY WERE THE MURDERED VICTIMS IDENTIFIED BUT THEIR NEXT OF KIN HAD BEEN NOTIFIED AND BROUGHT TO THE MORGUE...

TONY PHONED ME FROM NORFOLK THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY! HE WAS ON THE WAY UP FROM MIAMI! I WAS WORRIED LAST NIGHT—HE SHOULD HAVE ARRIVED HOME—BUT MY BROTHER SAID IT WOULD BE ALL RIGHT, THAT TONY COULD TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF! HUH! NOT ANY MORE HE CAN! MY POOR TONY!



DID YOUR HUSBAND HAVE ENEMIES, MRS. WAGNER?

A MAN LIKE TONY MAKES ENEMIES! HE COULD BE TOUGH WHEN HE WANTED TO BE, BUT HE HAD A SOFT SIDE! WHY, HE HIRED MY BROTHER MAC, WHEN HE—HE...

WHEN HE WHAT, MRS. WAGNER? CAME OUT OF PRISON? YOUR BROTHER IS MAC RICKERT! NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE!



MR. WILLARD, WOULD YOUR SON HAVE ANY REASON TO GO UP TO AN AUTOMOBILE SHOWROOM—A BENET SHOWROOM—MILES FROM WHERE YOU LIVE?



Y-YES, I WAS SUPPOSED TO GO WITH HIM, BUT I WAS SICK! JOHNAYS DODGE WAS STOLEN ABOUT A WEEK AGO, AND HE NEEDED A NEW CAR! HE SAW AN AD FOR THE BENET IN THE EAGLE...



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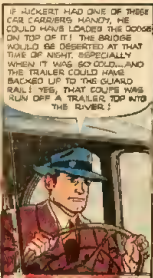
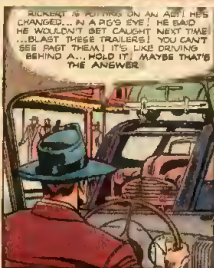
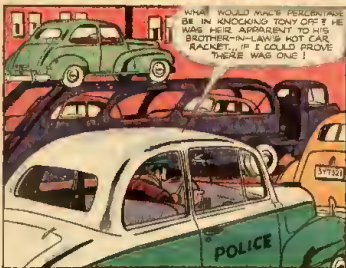
A '39 DOGGE COUPE! IT ALL TIED TOGETHER! A STOLEN CAR, RECAINUED OUT WITH THE SERIAL NUMBERS STILL ON THE MOTOR, TONY WAGNER'S MYSTERIOUSLY BIG INCOME, MAC RICKERT WORKING FOR HIM! DETECTIVE GORDON LOST NO TIME PAYING RICKERT A VISIT AND WAS SURPRISED BY A COMPLETE CHANGE OF ATTITUDE ON THE PART OF THE EX-CON...

"IF MY BROTHER-IN-LAW WAS PEDDLING HOT CARS, IT WASN'T FROM HERE! SEE, WE HAVEN'T A CAR ON THE FLOOR! POOR TONY! HE HAD BIG IDEAS ABOUT THIS BUSINESS... THAT'S WHAT ALL THAT EXTRA SPACE IS FOR!"

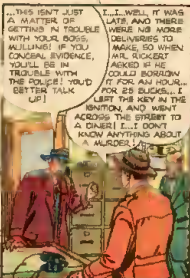
RICKERT, THIS SMOULGE FIEHY TO ME! ALL OF A SUDDEN YOU'RE NOT THE DEFIANT EX-CON... YOU'RE THE HEART-BROKEN BROTHER-IN-LAW OF A MURDERED CROOK! YOU KNOW A LOT MORE THAN YOU'LL ADMIT...

I SWEAR, GORDON, I'VE TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF! TONY GAVE ME A BREAK! I COULDN'T HURT HIM! WHAT WOULD THE PERCENTAGE BE FOR ME TO KNOCK TONY OFF? AND THAT OTHER GUY... WHAT'S HIS NAME... I NEVER SAW HIM!

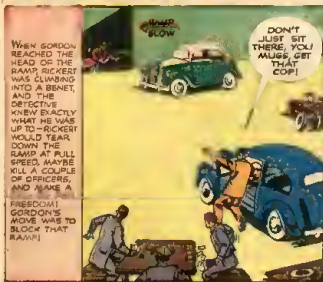
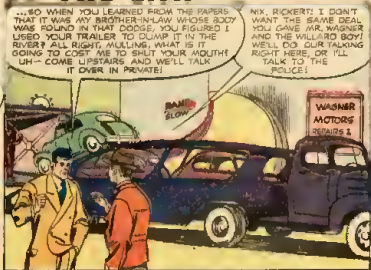
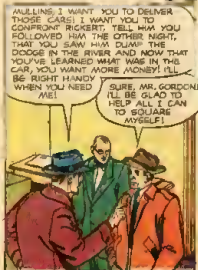
WELL, STICK AROUND, RICKERT... I MAY WANT TO TALK TO YOU AGAIN!



IF A CAR CARRIER WAS INVOLVED, IT PROBABLY BELONGED TO THE BENET COMPANY! GORDON LOOKED UP THE ADDRESS, AND TORE DOWNTOWN TO THE DISTRIBUTOR WAREHOUSE ON TWELFTH AVENUE...



OBEDIENT THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW

BEATEN TO THE RAMPS, RICKERT HEADED FOR THE ELEVATOR! HE WAS DESPERATE! HE KNEW HE FACED THE CHAIR! HE DROVE THE BENET ONTO THE ELEVATOR, BUT FORGOT WHAT WAS DOWN BELOW, BLOCKING HIS PATH! THE ACTION HAD BEEN SO FAST THAT RICKERT'S MOB DIDN'T START SHOOTING UNTIL GORDON WAS ON THE RAMPS HEADED FOR THE STREET!

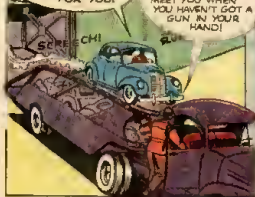


RICKERT'S MOB IS UP THERE! THE BIG SHOT IS ON HIS WAY DOWN ON THE ELEVATOR! WATCH IT!



MULLING, PULL OUT OF HERE, QUICK, OR I'LL PUT A HOLE IN YOUR HEAD! GET ME AWAY AND THERE'S A THOUSAND BUCKS IN IT FOR YOU!

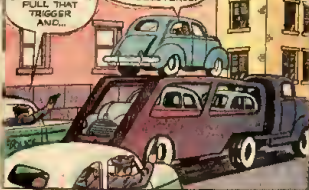
KEEP YOUR DOUGH, RICKERT—IT MESSED ME UP ONCE! I'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE, BUT BROTHER, SOME DAY I'M GOING TO MEET YOU WHEN YOU HAVEN'T GOT A GUN IN YOUR HAND!



BUT RICKERT'S DESPERATE BID FOR ESCAPE WAS IN VAIN! A SWARM OF PROM CARS MET THE TRUCK AS IT ROLLED FROM THE GARAGE, AND THE KILLER WAS CONVOYED TO THE STATION-HOUSE ON THE VERY TRAILER HE USED TO DISPOSE OF HIS VICTIMS.

DON'T BE A CHUMP, AUSTER! PULL THAT TRIGGER AND...

HOLD IT! I CAN'T TAKE ON THE WHOLE POLICE FORCE!



OKAY, GORDON, SO YOU'RE A BIG HERO. AGAIN! ONLY THIS TIME THE RAP WON'T STICK!

SURE, MAC, KEEP TELLING YOURSELF THAT! EVEN WHEN THEY STRAP YOU IN THE HOT SEAT!



IN SHORT ORDER I MAC RICKERT WAS INDICTED, TRIED, FOUND GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE, AND SENTENCED TO DIE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR! LATER, WHEN DETECTIVE GORDON LET HIM THROUGH THE GATES AT SING SING...

WELL, WELL—SO YOU FINALLY MADE IT! I WAS EXPECTING YOU SOONER... SAVED THAT TEN SPOT YOU TOSSED AT ME RICKERT! HERE IT IS!

FUNNY GUY!

RICKERT WON'T NEED IT, JOE—NOT WHERE HE'S GOING!



THE END

HOW THEY WERE TRAPPED

by C.H. MOORE



STRANGER THAN FICTION!

"VICKIE" JAMES WAS STRUCK DOWN BY A HIT AND RUN CAR ON A SIDE STREET IN SYRACUSE, N.Y. BUT THE DRIVER WAS QUICKLY APPREHENDED AND PUNISHED FOR

THE MURDER OF VICKIE!

WHEN HIS CAR STRUCK HER - THE FRONT LICENSE PLATE CAME OFF OF THE CAR AND LANDED NEXT TO THE BODY!



THE GROOVES MADE BY A BROKEN CHISEL ON A SUPER MARKET SAFE MATCHED PERFECTLY WITH THE BROKEN EDGE OF A CHISEL THAT BELONGED TO A PLUMBER WORKING IN THE BUILDING!



JOE MORTIZIN
of Nebraska

WAS TRAILED FROM A GROCERY STORE HE ROBBED BY A BALL OF STRING THAT CAUGHT ONTO HIS SHOE AS HE LEFT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME!



MAE WHEATON - Ohio Telephone Operator - HEARD A GRUFF VOICE DEMAND RANSOM FOR THE RETURN OF THE MAYOR'S SON. WHILE THE MAYOR TALKED TERMS TO THE KIDNAPPER, MAE TRACED THE CALL AND NOTIFIED THE POLICE!

HER ALERT ACTION TRAPPED THE KIDNAPPER BEFORE HE COULD LEAVE THE PHONE BOOTH FROM WHICH HE WAS CALLING!



TOM REYNOLDS of New York, WAS ROBBED TWICE BY THE SAME MAN - SO HE MARKED SOME MONEY AND LEFT IT IN THE CASH REGISTER! WHEN HE WAS ROBBED A THIRD TIME, THE CROOK WAS QUICKLY TRACED AND CAUGHT WHEN HE STARTED SPENDING THE MONEY!

CAUGHT BY A SPIDE WEB!

LARRY ORTIS
Chicago

CLAIMED THAT HIS WIFE WAS SLAIN BY A BURGLAR WHO MADE HIS ESCAPE BY THE KITCHEN WINDOW - BUT HE COULDN'T EXPLAIN HOW THE BURGLAR CRAWLED THRU THE DUST-COVERED SPIDER WEB ON THE WINDOW LEDGE!



Can a Criminal Be Too Smart?

Read the Story of George Courtney-

THE MAN WHO TRAPPED HIMSELF



GEORGE COURTNEY read the newspaper story carefully as he ate his breakfast. Between sips of coffee he considered its significance. He regarded David Gregg, the F.B.I. agent assigned to the case, a complete fool, and from this story the whole notorious Harris mob seemed just as stupid. Nevertheless, it bothered him a little.

According to the newspaper, the Northwest Mounted had traced a recent bank robbery in Ottawa to the Harris mob, and expected soon to capture the criminals. This bothered Courtney because of Gregg's attempt to connect him with the mob. In other words Courtney was a fugitive—but he had no intention of being caught!

There was nothing in Courtney's manner that would make him appear to be a fugitive when, ~~that day~~ that day, he rode into Windsor Station.

He was a full jump ahead of the law in spite of the foolishness of the Harris mob. He had checked out of his Montreal Hotel, ordered his luggage sent to the depot, and had strolled leisurely through Dominion Square, enjoying the crisp air of the winter evening. There was a mild flurry of snow, and he visualized the warm breezes of the southern shores of France, where, within a few weeks, he expected to be taking his ease.

As the porter rolled his bags through the station, Courtney studied the signs which were printed in both French and English. A tight smile flickered on his lips above the carefully trimmed beard. He had done well to pick Montreal as a jumping off place for his trip to Europe. He'd been able to brush up on his French, and cultivate a Latin manner as well. If people took him to be French, so much the better. A week at sea,

a brief stay in London, and he'd be off to enjoy the French Riviera for the winter season.

He showed his tickets at the train gate. They were in order, beginning with sleeping car accommodations to St. John, New Brunswick. There he would catch the liner *Empress of Java* for Liverpool. His luggage was checked through on the boat tickets. He followed the porter through the train gate. An hour later he had finished dinner aboard the train and was in his compartment. He took a deep breath. Everything had gone off perfectly. The danger was past!

Until a month before, George Courtney had been the respected cashier of the Niagara Trust Company at Newvale, in upstate New York. Then masked men engineered a stick-up, opened the bank vault, and got away with \$50,000.00 in cash as well as a large amount in negotiable securities. Courtney, bound and gagged by the robbers, had described them in detail—but his description differed from that given by three other people who had seen the men. That had been his only mistake.

David Gregg, the F.B.I. man, jumped on this discrepancy. He established the stick-up as the work of the Harris mob, but pointed out that George Courtney could easily have tipped off the robbers as to the combination of the vault, and as to when it would be filled with negotiables.

Courtney's obvious attempt to cover the identity of the crooks was a giveaway, but, before he could be arrested on suspicion, the cashier had crossed the border into Canada with his share of the loot. Even if the F.B.I. had been able to locate him, immediate extradition was impossible, for no criminal charge had yet been made.

Courtney's lip curled as he considered the stupidity of the Harris mob. Sure, he'd played ball with them! Sure, he'd gotten his share of the take, according to agreement! But after a job like the Niagara Trust robbery, you'd think they'd have sense enough to lay low for awhile. It was downright foolhardy for them to pull a job on the Canadian side right now.

Not that he cared what happened to them, but it was essential now that he get out of Canada quickly, just as he'd left the U.S.A., before any member of the mob might be caught and forced to testify against him.

Just that morning he had checked the steamship sailings. In summer the *Empress* ships sailed from Montreal and made a stop at Quebec enroute to Liverpool. But this was winter, and the liners were using the all-year port of St. John, New Brunswick. The trip was just as fast, for the boat train (the Maritime Limited) covered the run from Montreal to St. John overnight. This was the short line to the Maritime Provinces, cutting through the frozen wilds of northern Maine.

Baggage checked from one Canadian point to another was not subject to examination by United States customs officials, and since only through passengers ride on this train all were exempt. Courtney had thought of everything—even to changing his money and negotiables into pounds sterling, and having most of it deposited to his credit in English banks.

Shortly after midnight, at Megantic, the train stopped to drop the buffet car. The jolting and backing awakened Courtney. Then the jolting stopped and the train moved on.

The ex-cashier leaned back in his bunk sleepily. There was a knock on his door. He arose and unlocked it. As the door opened a hand pressed a light switch and Courtney blinked in the glare. Then he recognized the muzzle of a businesslike revolver, and above it the face of David Gregg of the F.B.I., the man he had thought was a fool!

Before Courtney could even protest, Gregg explained.

"You're baggage is checked through safely, according to law, my friend, but you aren't! *You are now in the State of Maine* and I'm taking you off the train at Greenville! You're under arrest for complicity in the robbery of the Niagara Trust Company!"

The cashier dug his hands into his eyes, trying to wake up. He couldn't believe this was a real scene. He thought he had covered every contingency. His beard trembled. Then, wide awake, he forgot his French accent. So long as the Harris mob was at large, they still didn't have a case against him.

"So you read the papers, and guessed my next move!" he said. "That was smart, but I'm still one jump ahead of you! The Harris mob is in Canada, and unless you can prove they had a hand in the robbery, and will testify against me, you couldn't even get an indictment!"

The F.B.I. man grinned. "You're a jump in the wrong direction," he said. "They aren't in Canada! We bagged them four days ago in Carolina, and they spilled! We asked the Canadian papers to plant that Ottawa story. They did and you fell for it. You lost no time making the boat train. Thought you were lucky, getting that last minute reservation on the *Empress*, didn't you? That wasn't luck! We had it held for you! We wanted you in U.S. territory—even if it was on a train just passing through—long enough to put the clamps on you!"

The click of the handcuffs on Courtney's wrists sounded louder and sharper than the click and chatter of the pullman wheels. Gregg snapped the lock shut. It was the closing of a trap that Courtney himself had set, and that led him to a long term in the penitentiary.

THE END

This'll KILL YA!

I TOLD YOU NOT TO BUY A GETAWAY CAR FROM PUNKLEY'S USED CAR LOT...HE'S JUST A CHEAP CROOK!

I COULDN'T GET A FLASHLIGHT, BUT I FOUND THIS BOX OF CANDLES!

HEY— CUT THAT OUT!

YA-AYAH! YOU TEND TO YOUR BUSINESS AND I'LL TEND TO MINE!

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- AMBULANCE
- ACCIDENTAL DEATH
- MATERNITY

(Additional at night additional costs)



DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME



HOW GOOD A DETECTIVE ARE YOU?

CAN YOU MATCH WITS WITH SPECIAL AGENT ALAN KENT IN

the POISON DART MURDER CASE

THIS IS ALAN KENT REPORTING! AS SPECIAL AGENT FOR THE PAN-AMERICAN INVESTIGATION BUREAU, SOME VERY ODD-AND TOUGH ASSIGNMENTS COME MY WAY! TAKE THIS CASE, FOR INSTANCE, WHEN RUPERT THORNDON, AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE, PULLED INTO MANDOS ON THE AMAZON RIVER, CLAIMING THAT A CHAP NAMED RAMON HIDALGO HAD SOLD HIM SOME PHONY GOLD MINES, UP TOWARD THE HEADWATERS OF THE RIO PRETO! WHEN PAN-AM WANTED PROOF, THORNDON CHARTERED A RIVER BOAT AND INSISTED THAT I COME ALONG! WE HAD HIS SECRETARY, DORA GLENN, WITH US, AND ALSO A FRIEND NAMED PROFESSOR PETER FLOYD! BOTH HAD BEEN PRESENT WHEN HIDALGO PEDDLED THE GOLD CLAIMS! NATURALLY, WE TOOK HIDALGO ALONG, TOO! OUR RIVER TUG WAS CALLED THE SANTOS! ITS SKIPPER, CAPTAIN RALPH PATTON, WAS AS TOUGH AS THE BIG RIVER ITSELF!



ALAN KENT, SPECIAL AGENT

MAP OF THE SCENE OF THE AMAZON ADVENTURE



CAPTAIN RALPH PATTON

DORA GLENN

PROFESSOR PETER FLOYD

RAMON HIDALGO

RUPERT THORNDON

ART BY FRED GUARDNEER

WE'RE CURVING INTO PORTO BELO, THORNDON! FROM HERE IT'S ONLY A DAY'S TRIP UP THE RIO PRETO TO THOSE GOLD MINES HIDALGO TALKS ABOUT!

TALKS ABOUT IS THE CORRECT TERM! THORNDON! HIDALGO, WE'LL PROVE THAT YOUR MINES ARE A FAKE! NOT TOMORROW, BEFORE THORNDON...

...BECAUSE PATTON, OUR CAPTAIN, SAYS THE WATER IS TOO HIGH FOR THE SANTOS TO FIGHT AGAINST THE CURRENT SO WE WILL GO BY LAND AND LAGOON—MAYBE A WEEK'S TRIP!

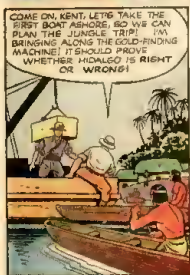
I'LL SEE ABOUT THAT! I CHARTERED THIS RACKET AND IT'S GOING WHERE I SAY! COME WITH ME, KENT! I WANT YOU AS A WITNESS WHEN I TALK TO CAPTAIN PATTON!

...AND IF YOU DON'T TAKE THE SANTOS UP THE RIO PRETO, I'LL HAVE YOUR LICENSE AND YOUR BOAT TAKEN FROM YOU AS SOON AS I GET BACK!

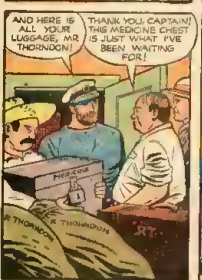
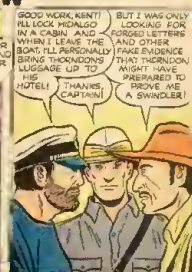
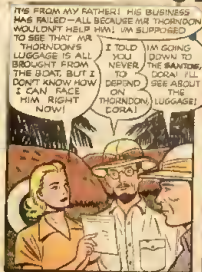
YOU MEAN WHEN WE GET BACK, THORNDON! I'LL HAVE TO MOVE MY CARGO UP THROUGH THE JUNGLE! PEOPLE DON'T ALWAYS COME BACK FROM THAT TRIP, BUT THEY STAND A BETTER CHANCE THAN TRYING TO RUN THE RIVER WHEN IT'S HIGH!



OBEY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW

THE NEXT MORNING THE OVER-
LAND JOURNEY BEGAN...

I WANT YOU TO STAY WITH
ME DURING THIS TRIP, KENT!
THOSE TWO "ACCIDENTS" MAY
HAVE BEEN ATTEMPTS
ON MY LIFE!

OKAY, THORNDON!
I'LL KEEP MY EYE
ON YOU!

BUT MEANWHILE
DON'T GO MAKING
MISTAKES OF YOUR
OWN! ALWAYS
FOLLOW THE
MARKED TRAIL
THORNDON!

TH...THANKS, KENT
THAT-THAT CROCODILE
WAS JUST WAITING
FOR ME, WASN'T
HE?

THAT NIGHT THE PARTY CAMPED IN
A CLEARING SURROUNDED BY SNUDDLE
PIRES! AND THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...

KENT! HIDALGO HAS
DECAMPED! HE
STARTED OFF INTO
THE JUNGLE WITH
SOME OF THE
NATIVE GUIDES!
YOU'VE GOT TO
FIND HIM!

THAT'S EASY
ENOUGH! HE
CAN'T LEAVE
THE PATH AND
HOPE TO SURVIVE!
I'LL OVERTAKE
HIM!

LATER...
HELLO,
KENT!
LOOKING FOR ME?
I JUST DECIDED TO
GET AN EARLY
START, SO THE
HIKE WOULD BE
EASIER!

OH, YOU DID, EH?
WELL, YOU CAN
KEEP RIGHT ON
RESTING UNTIL
THE OTHERS
CATCH UP
WITH US!

HELLO!
WHERE'S
THE
REST
OF
THE
PARTY?

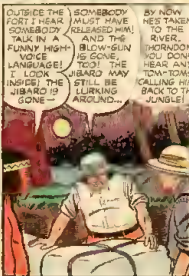
CAPTAIN PATTON DECIDED TO HEAD
OVER TO THE RIVER AND SEE HOW HIGH
THE WATER IS! HE'LL MEET US AT THE
GREAT BEND! MR. THORNDON WAS JUST
GETTING READY TO START, SO I HURRIED
AHEAD, RATHER THAN BE WITH HIM!
THE PROFESSOR WAS STILL OUT
CHASING
BUTTERFLIES!

I'D BETTER GO BACK
AND CHECK ON THEM!

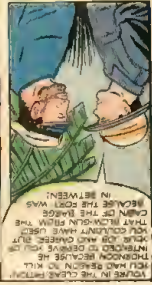
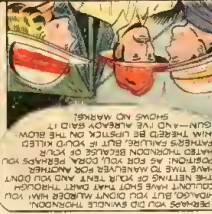
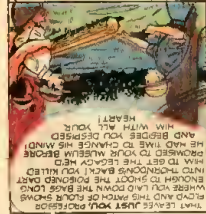
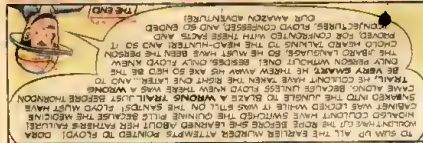
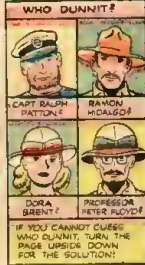
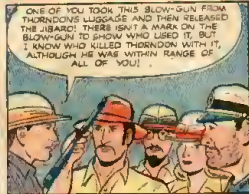
THIS BLAZE-MARK IS
FRESH AND IT LEADS
AWAY FROM THE TRAIL!
SOMEBODY MUST
HAVE BLASHEM TO
SEND THORNDON
INTO THE
JUNGLE!



OBEY THE LAW



OBEDIENT TO THE LAW



YOU'RE IN THE CLEAR PATTON! YOU HAD REASON TO KILL THORNDON BECAUSE HE INTENDED TO DEPRIVE YOU OF YOUR JOB AND CAREER. BUT YOU COULDN'T HAVE USED THAT BLOWGUN FROM THE CABIN OF THE BARGE BECAUSE THE FORT WAS IN BETWEEN!



PERHAPS YOU DID SWINDLE THORNDON. HIDALGO, BUT YOU DIDN'T MURDER HIM! YOU COULDN'T HAVE SHOT THAT DART THROUGH THE NETTING OF YOUR TENT, AND YOU DON'T HAVE TIME TO MANUEVER FOR ANOTHER POSITION! AS FOR YOU, DORA, PERHAPS YOU HATED THORNDON BECAUSE OF YOUR FATHER'S FAILURE, BUT IF YOU'D KILLED HIM THERE'D BE LIPSTICK ON THE BLOWGUN—AND I'VE ALREADY SAID IT SHOWS NO MARKS!



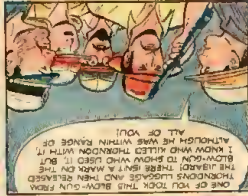
THAT LEAVES JUST YOU, PROFESSOR FLOYD AND THIS PATCH OF FLOUR SHOWS WHERE YOU LAID DOWN THE BAGS LONG ENOUGH TO SHOOT THE POISONED DART INTO THORNDON'S BACK! YOU KILLED HIM TO GET THE LEGACY HE'D PROMISED TO YOUR MUSEUM BEFORE HE HAD TIME TO CHANGE HIS MIND! AND BESIDES, YOU DESPISED HIM WITH ALL YOUR HEART!



TO SUM UP, ALL THE EARLIER MURDER ATTEMPTS POINTED TO FLOYD! DORA WOULDN'T HAVE CUT THE ROPE BEFORE SHE LEARNED ABOUT HER FATHER'S FAILURE! HIDALGO COULDN'T HAVE SWITCHED THE GUININE PILLS BECAUSE THE MEDICINE CABINET WAS LOCKED WHILE IT WAS STILL ON THE SANTOS! FLOYD MUST HAVE SNAKED INTO THE JUNGLE TO BLAZE A WRONG TRAIL JUST BEFORE THORNDON CAME ALONG, BECAUSE UNLESS FLOYD KNEW THERE WAS A WRONG TRAIL, HE COULDN'T HAVE TAKEN THE RIGHT ONE LATER, AND TO BE VERY SMART, HE THREW AWAY HIS AXE SO HE'D BE THE ONLY PERSON WITHOUT ONE! BESIDES, ONLY FLOYD KNEW THE JIBARO LANGUAGE, SO HE MUST HAVE BEEN THE PERSON CHOLO HEARD TALKING TO THE HEAD-HUNTER! AND SO IT PROVED, FOR CONFRONTED WITH THESE FACTS AND CONJECTURES, FLOYD CONFESSED, AND SO ENDED OUR AMAZON ADVENTURE!

THE END

IF YOU CAN'T TURN THE PAGE UPSIDE DOWN	IF YOU CAN'T TURN THE PAGE UPSIDE DOWN
PROFESSOR FLOYD?	PROFESSOR FLOYD?
DORA?	DORA?
HIDALGO?	HIDALGO?
RAWON?	RAWON?
CAPT. RALPH PATTON?	CAPT. RALPH PATTON?
WHO DUNNIT?	WHO DUNNIT?



ONE OF YOU TOOK THIS BLOW-GUN FROM THORNDON'S LUGGAGE AND THEN RELEASED THE JIBARO! THERE WAS A MARK ON THE BLOW-GUN TO SHOW WHO USED IT, BUT I KNOW WHO KILLED THORNDON WITH IT, ALTHOUGH HE WAS WITHIN RANGE OF ALL OF YOU!



SOMEONE KILLED THORNDON WITH A BLOWGUN, BUT IT WASN'T YOU FIND CAPTAIN PATTON, CHECK ON KENT! ALL HIDALGO!



SCREAM! I RUPERT DON'T HEAR THORNDON WAS JUST BEEN MURDERED BY A JIBARO! SHOUT THAT! BUT NOT BY WHAT WORK ME! HAPPENED?

SO THAT WAS THORNDON DYING FROM A POISON DART? MY MY! THOSE JIBAROS ARE SLIPPING! I THOUGHT THEIR POISON WORKED! SCREAM! THE VICTIM DON'T HAVE TIME TO MURDER HIDALGO!

WHAT? HAPPENED? A JIBARO OF THAT? CAPTAIN PATTON, CHECK ON KENT! ALL HIDALGO!

OBEY THE LAW